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# GRADED POETRY

EIGHTH YEAR

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AND

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## INTRODUCTION

POETRY is the chosen language of childhood and youth. The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound : the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them. The French say : "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet and his equipment for his life work rather than to the literary qualities of his style.

# CONTENTS

## FIRST HALF YEAR

	PAGE
"The First Virtue" . . . . . <i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> . . . . .	7
From the House of Sleep —	
"The Faery Queen" . . . . . <i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . .	7
Lines Written the Night before	
his Execution . . . . . <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . . .	8
Polonius's Advice . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	8
"This was the Noblest Roman" <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	9
"The Quality of Mercy" . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	10
Silvia . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	10
Adversity . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	11
"The Man that hath no Music	
in Himself" . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	11
Moonlight . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	12
The Elixir . . . . . <i>George Herbert</i> . . . . .	12
"Sweet is the Breath of Morn" <i>John Milton</i> . . . . .	13
Evening . . . . . <i>John Milton</i> . . . . .	14
Sonnet on his Blindness . . . . . <i>John Milton</i> . . . . .	14
"When All Thy Mercies" . . . . . <i>Joseph Addison</i> . . . . .	15
Elegy Written in a Country	
Churchyard . . . . . <i>Thomas Gray</i> . . . . .	16
Rest . . . . . <i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i> . . . . .	22
Auld Lang Syne . . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	22
To a Mountain Daisy . . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	23
Daffodils . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	25
"My Heart Leaps Up" . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	27
Coronach . . . . . <i>Walter Scott</i> . . . . .	27
The Last Rose of Summer . . . . . <i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . .	28
The Grasshopper and Cricket . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . . . . .	29
On the Grasshopper and Cricket <i>John Keats</i> . . . . .	29

# CONTENTS

5

	PAGE
Apostrophe to the Ocean . . . . . <i>George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron</i> . . . . .	31
Spring, from "The Sensitive Plant" . . . . . <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . .	33
To a Skylark . . . . . <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . .	34
Ozymandias . . . . . <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . .	38
"Lead, Kindly Light" . . . . . <i>John Henry Newman</i> . . . . .	39

## SECOND HALF YEAR

Song of the Brook . . . . . <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> . . . . .	40
"Oh! yet we Trust," from "In Memoriam" . . . . . <i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> . . . . .	42
Incident of the French Camp . . . . . <i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . .	43
Apparitions, from "The Two Poets of Croisic" . . . . . <i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . .	45
Tubal Cain . . . . . <i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . .	46
"Say not, the Struggle naught Availeth" . . . . . <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i> . . . . .	48
"Where Lies the Land" . . . . . <i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i> . . . . .	49
"O may I Join the Choir Invisible" . . . . . <i>George Eliot</i> . . . . .	50
Self-dependence . . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . .	52
Philip, my King . . . . . <i>Dinah Mulock Craik</i> . . . . .	53
"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen" . . . . . <i>Dinah Mulock Craik</i> . . . . .	55
Ensign Epps, the Color-bearer . . . . . <i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> . . . . .	56
A Forest Hymn . . . . . <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . .	57
Duty . . . . . <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	62
Concord Hymn . . . . . <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	62
Each and All . . . . . <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	63
The Arsenal at Springfield . . . . . <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	65
"Thou too, Sail on, O Ship of State" . . . . . <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	67
The Bells . . . . . <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> . . . . .	68
The Chambered Nautilus . . . . . <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . .	73

	PAGE
The Last Leaf . . . . <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	74
Freedom . . . . . <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	77
The Present Crisis . . . . <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	77
"O Captain! My Captain!" <i>Walt Whitman</i>	79
My Canary Bird . . . . . <i>Walt Whitman</i>	80
Battle Hymn of the Republic . <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	81
Columbus . . . . . <i>Joaquin Miller</i>	82
Old Glory . . . . . <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	84
A Life-Lesson . . . . . <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	86
Love's Prayer . . . . . <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	87
Song of the Camp . . . . . <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	88
Angler's Reveille . . . . . <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	90
Gettysburg Address . . . . <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	91
At Morning . . . . . <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	92
<hr/>	
Biographical Sketches of Authors . . . . .	93

## EIGHTH YEAR—FIRST HALF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

ENGLAND, 1340–1400

### “The First Virtue”

The first virtue, sone, if thou wilt learn  
Is to restraine and keepen well thy tongue.

Loke who that is most virtuous alway,  
Prive and apart, and most intendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

5

---

EDMUND SPENSER

ENGLAND, 1552–1599

Ay me! how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

Who will not mercie unto others show,  
How can he mercie ever hope to have?

10

I was promised on a time  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time unto this season  
I received nor rhyme nor reason.



- And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,  
And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,  
Mixed with a murmuring wind much like the sound  
5 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries  
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town  
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lies,  
Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies.  
— FROM "THE HOUSE OF SLEEP" ("THE FAERY QUEEN").
- 

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

ENGLAND, 1552-1618

## Lines Written the Night before his Execution

- 10 Even such is Time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
15 Shuts up the story of our days.
- 

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND, 1564-1616

## Polonius's Advice

There, — my blessing with you!  
And these few precepts in thy memory

See thou character: — Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; 5  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice: 10  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be, 15  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 20

---

**"This was the Noblest Roman"**

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a generous honest thought  
Of common good to all, made one of them. 25

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

— FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

---

### "The Quality of Mercy"

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
5 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
10 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
15 It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

— FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

---

### Silvia

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
20 Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The Heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness,  
Love doth to her eyes repair, 5

To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing 10

Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

— FROM "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

---

### **Adversity**

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; 15  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

— FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

---

### **"The Man that hath no Music in Himself"**

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, 20

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
 Let no such man be trusted.

—FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

---

### Moonlight

5 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit, and let the sound of music  
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven  
 10 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

—FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

---

### GEORGE HERBERT

WALES, 1593-1632

#### The Elixir

Teach me, my God and King,  
 15 In all things Thee to see,  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake :  
Nothing can be so mean  
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause 5  
Makes drudgery divine :  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold ; 10  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

---

JOHN MILTON

ENGLAND, 1608-1674

**"Sweet is the Breath of Morn"**

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun  
When first on this delightful land he spreads 15  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon, 20  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

### Evening

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird —  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
5 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung,  
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
10 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

---

### Sonnet on his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
15 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning, chide:  
“Doth God exact day labor, light denied?”  
20 I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
Either man’s work, or His own gifts; who best

Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.  
 His state  
 Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

---

JOSEPH ADDISON

ENGLAND, 1672-1719

**"When All Thy Mercies"**

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God !	5
My rising soul surveys,	
Transported with the view, I'm lost	
In wonder, love, and praise.	
Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,	
Thy tender care bestowed,	10
Before my infant heart conceived	
From whom those comforts flowed.	
When, in the slippery paths of youth,	
With heedless steps, I ran,	
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,	15
And led me up to man.	
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts	
My daily thanks employ ;	
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,	
That tastes those gifts with joy.	20



Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
For, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

---

THOMAS GRAY

ENGLAND, 1716-1771

**Elegy written in a Country Churchyard**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
10 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
15 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
20 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, 5  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care : 10  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield ! 15  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the Poor. 20

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

5 Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
10 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
15 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
20 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone 5  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 10  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense, kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the Madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life 15  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even those bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 20

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

5 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
10 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
15 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
20 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on the ’customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next, with dirges due in sad array 5  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

## THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown: 10  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear: 15  
He gained from Heaven (’twas all he wished) a  
friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God. 20

## JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

GERMANY, 1749-1832

**Rest**

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career ;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere :

5 'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife ;  
Fleeting to ocean,  
After its life :

10 'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best ;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest.

---

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTLAND, 1759-1796

**Auld Lang Syne**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min ?  
15 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes, 5  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne, 10  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine:  
 But seas between us braid hae roared, 15  
 Sin' days o' lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne! 20

---

To a Mountain Daisy

On turning one down with the Plow in April, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
 Thy slender stem;



To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet !  
5 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blithe to greet  
The purpling east.

10 Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

15 The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
20 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
25 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
 Unskillful he to note the card  
                     Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,                      5  
                     And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
 By human pride or cunning driv'n  
                     To mis'ry's brink,                      10  
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
                     He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine — no distant date;  
 Stern ruin's plowshare drives elate,                      15  
                     Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
                     Shall be thy doom!

---

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ENGLAND, 1770-1850

**Daffodils**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,                      20

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

5 Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
10 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company;  
15 I gazed and gazed, — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
20 Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**"My Heart Leaps Up"**

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

5

---

**WALTER SCOTT****SCOTLAND, 1771-1832****Coronach**

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like the summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing,  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!  
The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,

10

15

But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are searest,  
5 But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest,

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
10 How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever !

---

THOMAS MOORE

IRELAND, 1779-1852

**The Last Rose of Summer**

15 'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone ;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
20 No rosebud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !

To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping, 5  
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
When thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead. 10

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away !  
When true hearts lie withered, 15  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

---

LEIGH HUNT

ENGLAND, 1784-1859

### **The Grasshopper and Cricket**

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June — 20  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,

When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
    With those who think the candles come too soon,  
    Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
5 Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass!  
    O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
    One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are  
    strong  
    At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
10 To sing in thoughtful ears their natural song, —  
    In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

---

JOHN KEATS

ENGLAND, 1795-1821

### On the Grasshopper and Cricket

The poetry of earth is never dead:  
    When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
    And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
15 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
    That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead  
    In summer luxury, — he has never done  
    With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
    He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
20 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills. 5

---

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON

ENGLAND, 1788-1824

**Apostrophe to the Ocean**

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain 10  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls 15  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ; — 20  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,



They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they ?

5 Thy waters wasted them while they were free

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey

The stranger, slave or savage; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou;

Unchangeable, save to they wild waves play —

10 Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm

15 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —

The image of Eternity — the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,

20 alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me

25 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear ;  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

---

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ENGLAND, 1792-1822

### Spring

And the Spring arose on the garden fair, 5  
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet ; 10  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent  
From the tuft, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess, 15  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the hyacinth purple and white and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense ; 20

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

—FROM "THE SENSITIVE PLANT."

---

### To a Skylark

8           Hail to thee, blithe spirit !

          Bird thou never wert,  
          That from heaven, or near it,  
          Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

10           Higher still and higher  
          From the earth thou springest,  
          Like a cloud of fire ;

          The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

15           In the golden lightning  
          Of the sunken sun,  
          O'er which clouds are brightening,  
          Thou dost float and run,

Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

20           The pale purple even  
          Melts around thy flight ;

          Like a star of heaven,  
          In the broad daylight,  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 5

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flowed. 10

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 15

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ; 20

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower ; 25

Like a glowworm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aërial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
5 view;

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd  
10 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers,  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was

15 Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine!

I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine

20 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt, —

25 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields or waves or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 5

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be;  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee;  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 10

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 15

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought. 20

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 25

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
5 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
10 The world should listen then, as I am listening now !

---

### Ozymandias

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
15 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
20 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

ENGLAND, 1801-1890

**“Lead, Kindly Light”**

Lead, kindly Light, amid th’ encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

5

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on !

10

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till

15

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !



# EIGHTH YEAR — SECOND HALF

ALFRED TENNYSON

ENGLAND, 1809-1892

## Song of the Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

5 By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

10 Till last by Philip's farm I flew,  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

15 I chatter over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow 5  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing, 10  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silvery water-break 15  
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever. 20

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam glance  
Against my sandy shallows.

5

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars,  
I loiter round my cresses.

10

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

---

**“Oh! Yet We Trust”**

15

Oh! yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

20

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

20

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire

Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all, 5  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night :  
An infant crying for the light :  
And with no language but a cry. 10  
— FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

---

ROBERT BROWNING

ENGLAND, 1812-1889

Incident of the French Camp

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day ;  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 15  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall," —

5 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-gallop<sup>ing</sup>; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
10 And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
You hardly could suspect —  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
15 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon !  
The Marshal's in the market place,  
20 And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.  
25 The chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes.  
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said:  
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,                     5  
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

---

Apparitions

Such a starved bank of moss  
 Till, that May-morn,  
 Blue ran the flash across:  
 Violets were born!   10

Sky — what a scowl of cloud  
 Till, near and far,  
 Ray on ray split the shroud:  
 Splendid, a star!

World — how it walled about                                     15  
 Life with disgrace,  
 Till God's own smile came out:  
 That was thy face!

— FROM "THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC."

## CHARLES MACKAY

SCOTLAND, 1814-1889

## Tubal Cain

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when earth was young;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung:  
5 And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!  
10 Hurrah for the Spear and the Sword!  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
15 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire.  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
20 And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew!"

Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,

Ere the setting of the sun,

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain

5

For the evil he had done;

He saw that men, with rage and hate,

Made war upon their kind;

That the land was red with the blood they shed,

In their lust for carnage blind.

10

And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,

Or that skill of mine should plan,

The spear and the sword for men whose joy

Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain

15

Sat brooding o'er his woe;

And his hand forbore to smite the ore,

And his furnace smoldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,

And a bright, courageous eye,

20

And bared his strong right arm for work,

While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"

As the red sparks lit the air;

"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"— 25

As he fashioned the first plowshare.



And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
And plowed the willing lands;  
5 And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Our stanch good friend is he;  
And for the plowshare and the plow  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
10 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plow,  
We'll not forget the sword."

---

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

ENGLAND, 1819-1861

**" Say not, the Struggle Naught Availeth "**

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
15 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
20 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only, 5  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

---

**"Where Lies the Land?"**

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know. 10  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Link'd arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!  
Or o'er the stern reclining, watch below 15  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.  
On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past. 20  
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.

And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind is all that they can say.

---

GEORGE ELIOT

ENGLAND, 1819-1880

“Oh, may I join the Choir Invisible”

Oh, may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
5 In minds made better by their presence; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
10 And with their mild persistence urge men's search  
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing a beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
15 So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child,  
20 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;

Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world, 5  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better, — saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude,  
Divinely human, raising worship so 10  
To higher reverence more mixed with love, —  
That better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
Unread forever. This is life to come, — 15  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us, who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest heaven, — be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, 20  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense!  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world. 25

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

ENGLAND, 1822-1888

## Self-dependence

Weary of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be,  
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me  
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

5 And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send :  
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,  
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end !

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,  
10 On my heart your mighty charm renew ;  
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming vast like you !"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
15 In the rustling night-air came the answer :  
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are ? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see,  
These demand not that the things without them  
20 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting  
All the fever of some differing soul.

“Bounded by themselves, and unregardful 5  
In what state God’s other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: 10  
“Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he  
Who finds himself, loses his misery!”

---

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

• ENGLAND, 1826–1887

**Philip, my King!**

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
Round whom the purple shadow lies 15  
Of babyhood’s royal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With Love’s invisible scepter laden;  
I am thine Esther to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden, 20  
Philip, my king!

On the day that thou goest a-wooing,

Philip, my king !

When some beautiful lips 'gin suing,

And some gentle heart's bars undoing

5 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there

Sittest love-glorified ! Rule kindly,

Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,

For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,

Philip, my king !

10 I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,

Philip, my king !

The spirit that there lies sleeping now

May rise like a giant, and make men bow

As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.

15 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years !

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king —

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,

20 Philip, my king !

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way

Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray ;

Rebels within thee, and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,

25 Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,

As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,

“Philip, the king !”

**"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen"**

God rest ye, merry gentlemen ; let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas  
Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone  
through the gray,  
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas  
Day.

God rest ye, little children ; let nothing you affright, &  
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy  
night ;  
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,  
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on  
Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians ; upon this blessed  
morn  
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born : 10  
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He  
takes away ;  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas  
Day.



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

IRELAND, 1844-1890

**Ensign Epps, the Color Bearer**

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,  
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,  
That flowers and flames in height and beauty  
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,  
5 To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,  
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color bearer —  
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;  
Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.  
10 Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer  
That day in the wildest work of the field.  
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;  
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scathless out of the strife  
15 He had carried his colors, safer than life.  
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,  
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist  
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed  
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,  
20 As proudly as if the fight had been won,  
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,  
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,  
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,  
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.  
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,      5  
He tied the colors his heart above,  
And plunged in his armor into the tide,  
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where are the lessons ye kinglings teach?  
And what is the text of your proud commanders?      10  
Out of the centuries, heroes reach  
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,  
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,  
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

AMERICA, 1794-1878

**A Forest Hymn**

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man  
learned      15  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave;  
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,

- Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences
- 5 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
- 10 His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
- 15 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.

- Father, Thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
- 20 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
- 25 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,

As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
Report not. No fantastic carvings show 5  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here — Thou fill'st  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath 10  
That from the inmost darkness of the place  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.  
Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,  
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love, 15  
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,  
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale 20  
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,  
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak —  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem 25  
Almost annihilated — not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he

Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
5 With scented breath and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this great universe.

10 My heart is awed within me when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
In silence, round me — the perpetual work  
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on Thy works I read  
15 The lesson of Thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
20 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies  
25 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch-enemy Death — yea, seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,

And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave 5  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them; — and there have been holy men  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus. 10  
But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink  
And tremble and are still. O God! when Thou 15  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call, 20  
Uprises the great deep and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by? 25  
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath

Of the mad unchained elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of Thy works  
5 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

---

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

AMERICA, 1803-1882

Duty

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man ;  
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."

---

Concord Hymn

10 By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;  
15 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare 5  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

---

### Each and All

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down; 10  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight, 15  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
Now knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one,—  
Nothing is fair or good alone. 20  
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.



He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;  
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
5 The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam —  
10 I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
15 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage ;  
20 The gay enchantment was undone —  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth ;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth."  
25 As I spoke, beneath my feet

The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground; 5  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;  
Beauty through my senses stole; 10  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AMERICA, 1807-1882

**The Arsenal at Springfield**

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms. 15

Ah! what a sound will rise — how wild and dreary —  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

5 On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
10 Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin,

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
15 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
20 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

*"THOU, TOO, SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE" 67*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and  
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd! 5  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease; 10  
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals, 15  
The holy melodies of love arise.

---

**"Thou, too, Sail On, O Ship of State"**

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years, 20  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
5 In what a forge and what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
10 And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
15 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

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EDGAR ALLAN POE

AMERICA, 1809-1849

### The Bells

Hear the sledges with the bells —  
Silver bells!  
20 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night !  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
    With a crystalline delight ;  
Keeping time, time, time, 5  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells  
    From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells, —  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. 10

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
    Golden bells !  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight ! 15  
    From the molten-golden notes,  
        And all in tune,  
    What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats  
    On the moon ! 20  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !  
    How it swells !  
    How it dwells  
    On the Future ! how it tells 25  
    Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells —  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

5        Hear the loud alarum bells —  
          Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells !  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright !

10       Too much horrified to speak,  
          They can only shriek, shriek,  
          Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.

15       Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
          With a desperate desire,  
          And a resolute endeavor,  
          Now — now to sit or never,  
          By the side of the pale-faced moon.

20       Oh, the bells, bells, bells !  
          What a tale their terror tells  
          Of Despair !  
          How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
          What a horror they outpour  
25       On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
          Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling, 5  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
bells —  
Of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, 10  
Bells, bells, bells —  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody com-  
pels! 15  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats 20  
Is a groan.  
And the people — ah, the people —  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, 25



In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone —  
They are neither man nor woman —  
5 They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

10 A pæan from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
15 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the pæan of the bells —

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
20 To the throbbing of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
25 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells —  
Of the bells, bells, bells —  
To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —  
    Bells, bells, bells —  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AMERICA, 1809-1894

**The Chambered Nautilus**

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
    Sails the unshadowed main, — 5  
    The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
    And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-  
    ing hair. 10

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
    And every chambered cell  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell, 15  
    Before thee lies revealed, —  
Its iris ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
    That spread his lustrous coil;  
    Still, as the spiral grew, 20

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step his shining archway through,  
Built up his idle door,  
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old  
no more.

5 Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
10 While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
15 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

---

### The Last Leaf

20 I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again

The pavement-stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
    With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time                   5  
    Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,                   10  
And he looks at all he meets  
    So forlorn;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    "They are gone."                                 15

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year                 20  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago —

That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

5 But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin,  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

10 I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
15 Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
20 At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AMERICA, 1819-1891

## Freedom

Who cometh over the hills,  
Her garments with morning sweet,  
The dance of a thousand rills  
Making music before her feet?  
Her presence freshens the air; 5  
Sunshine steals light from her face;  
The leaden footstep of Care  
Leaps to the tune of her pace,  
Fairness of all that is fair,  
Grace at the heart of grace, 10  
Sweetener of hut and of hall,  
Bringer of life out of naught,  
Freedom, oh, fairest of all  
The daughters of Time and Thought!

---

The Present Crisis

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to  
decide, 15  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or  
evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each  
the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon  
the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness  
and that light.

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her  
wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis pros-  
5 perous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward  
stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had  
denied.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient  
good uncouth;  
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep  
10 abreast of Truth;  
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires; we ourselves  
must Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the  
desperate winter sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's  
blood-rusted key.

WALT WHITMAN

AMERICA, 1819-1892

**"O Captain! My Captain!"**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we  
sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-  
ing,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and  
daring.

But, O heart! heart! heart!

5

Oh, the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells!  
Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle  
thrills,

10

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the  
shores a-crowding;  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces  
turning.

Here, captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead!

15



My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still :  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor  
will.

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed  
and done :

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object  
won.

5           Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !  
            But I, with mournful tread,  
            Walk the deck my captain lies,  
            Fallen cold and dead.

---

### My Canary Bird<sup>1</sup> .

Did we count great, O soul, to penetrate the themes  
of mighty books,  
Absorbing deep and full from thoughts, plays, specu-  
10       lations,  
But now from thee to me, caged bird, to feel thy  
joyous warble  
Filling the air, the lonesome room, the long forenoon,  
Is it not just as great, O soul !

<sup>1</sup> Written during his later years, when he was confined to his room, unable to move himself without assistance.

JULIA WARD HOWE

AMERICA, 1819-

**Battle Hymn of the Republic**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-  
cling camps; 5

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews  
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of  
steel:

“As ye deal with My contemners, so My grace with  
you shall deal;” 10

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with  
his heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,  
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the  
5 sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and  
me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free,

While God is marching on.

---

JOAQUIN MILLER

AMERICA, 1841-

### Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,

10 Behind him the gates of Hercules;

Before him not the ghost of shores,

Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"

"Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;

My men grow ghastly wan and weak,"

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

5

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say, at break of day,

'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

10

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,

Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

15

For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.

20

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt as a leaping sword:

25

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
5 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

---

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AMERICA, 1852-

Old Glory<sup>1</sup>

Old Glory! say, who,  
10 By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue—  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere,  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
15 And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to? —  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,

<sup>1</sup> This and the following poems are used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Messrs. Bobbs, Merrill, & Co., Indianapolis.

With your stars at their glittering best overhead —  
 By day or by night  
 Their delightfulest light  
 Laughing down from their little square heaven of  
 blue!

Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who — 5  
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted and faltering then  
 In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.  
 Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear  
 Is what the plain facts of your christening were, — 10  
 For your name — just to hear it,  
 Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit  
 As salt as a tear; —  
 And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
 There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye, 15  
 And an aching to live for you always — or die,  
 If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
 And so, by our love  
 For you, floating above,  
 And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof, 20  
 Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
 Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,  
 And fluttered an audible answer at last.  
 And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said: 25

By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead —  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,  
5 Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —  
My name is as old as the glory of God.  
. . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

---

### A Life Lesson

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know;  
10 And your tea-set blue,  
And your play-house, too,  
Are things of the long ago;  
But childish troubles will soon pass by. —  
There! little girl; don't cry!

15 There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know;  
And the glad, wild ways  
Of your school-girl days  
Are things of the long ago;  
20 But life and love will soon come by. —  
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!  
They have broken your heart, I know;

And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are things of the long ago;  
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh. —  
There! little girl; don't cry!

5

---

**Love's Prayer**

Dear Lord! kind Lord!  
Gracious Lord! I pray  
Thou wilt look on all I love,  
Tenderly to-day!  
Weed their hearts of weariness;  
Scatter every care,  
Down a wake of angel-wings  
Winnowing the air.

10

Bring unto the sorrowing  
All release from pain;  
Let the lips of laughter  
Overflow again;  
And with all the needy  
O divide, I pray,  
This vast treasure of content  
That is mine to-day!

15

20



BAYARD TAYLOR

AMERICA, 1825-1878

**The Song of the Camp**

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

5 The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
10 "We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon, —  
15 Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
20 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem rich and strong, —  
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;      5  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,      10  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,      15  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."      20

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest, —  
The loving are the daring.

HENRY VAN DYKE

AMERICA, 1852-

**The Angler's Reveille**

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of  
night,  
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in  
light;  
'Tis then a wandering mind awakens, and runs from  
tree to tree,  
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the  
reveille.

5        This is the carol the Robin throws  
          Over the edge of the valley;  
          Listen how boldly it flows,  
          Sally on sally:

10                Tirra lirra,  
                  Down the river,  
                  Laughing water  
                  All a-quiver.  
                  Day is near,  
                  Clear, clear.  
15                Fish are breaking.  
                  Tup, tup, tup!  
                  Do you hear?  
                  All clear —  
                  Wake up!

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN****AMERICA, 1809-1865****Speech at the Dedication of the National  
Cemetery at Gettysburg****November 15, 1863**

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any 5 nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting 10 and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world 15 will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be 20

here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,  
that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve  
5 that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

---

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SCOTLAND, 1850-1899

**At Morning**

The day returns and brings us the petty round of  
10 irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry, give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undis-  
15 honored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

## APPENDIX: BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

### ENGLISH AUTHORS

**Geoffrey Chaucer**, the father of English poetry, was born in London in 1340. The colleges of Oxford and Cambridge both claim him as a student. He enjoyed the favor of King Edward the Third, and passed much of his time at court. In 1386 he was made a knight, and during the latter part of his life he received an annual pension. He died in 1400. His writings are in a language so different from modern English that many persons cannot enjoy their beauties. His principal poems are "Canterbury Tales," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Court of Love," and "Troilus and Cressida."

**Edmund Spenser** was born in London about 1553. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1576, and soon after wrote "The Shepherd's Calendar." Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were his friends and patrons. In 1598 Spenser was appointed a sheriff in Ireland, and not long afterward in a rebellion his property was destroyed and his child killed. He did not long survive this calamity. His best-known poem is "The Faery Queen."

The reign of **Queen Elizabeth** is often called the Golden Age of English literature. Not only did Spenser and Shakespeare live then, but a large number of minor poets also rendered the period illustrious. Among the dramatic poets Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote together, and Ben Jonson hold an honorable position. The most noted lyric poets of the day were George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney.

**William Shakespeare**, the greatest of English poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. He is supposed to have been educated at the free school of Stratford. When he was about twenty-two, he went to London, and after a hard struggle with poverty, he became first an actor, then a successful playwright and theater manager. Having gained not only fame but a modest fortune, he retired in 1611 to live at ease in Stratford until his death in 1616. Besides the two long poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," which first won popularity for him, he has written thirty-seven plays, ranging from the lightest comedy, through romance and historical narrative, to the darkest tragedy. Whatever form his verse takes, — sonnet, song, or dramatic poetry, — it shows the touch of the master hand, the inspiration of the master mind. Of his plays those which are still most frequently acted are the tragedies "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Othello," the comedies "A Midsummer-night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "The Comedy of Errors," and the historical plays "Julius Cæsar," "King Henry IV," "King Henry V," and "Richard III."

**Ben Jonson** was born at Westminster, England, about 1573. He was the friend of Shakespeare and a famous dramatist in his day, but his plays no longer hold the stage. His best play is "Every Man in his Humour." His songs and short poems are beautiful. He died in 1637. His tomb in Westminster Abbey is inscribed "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

**George Herbert** was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Later he studied for the ministry and was appointed vicar of Bremerton. His "Sacred Poems" are noted for their purity and beauty of sentiment. He died in 1633.

**John Milton** was born in London, December 9, 1608. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. Later he spent a year in travel, meeting the great Galileo while in Italy. He was an ardent advocate of freedom, and under the Protectorate he was the secretary of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. When only

forty-six, he became totally blind, yet his greatest work was done after this misfortune overtook him. As a poet he stands second only to Shakespeare. His early poems, "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," are very beautiful, and his "Paradise Lost" is the finest epic poem in the English language. He died in 1674.

The minor poets of the age of Milton were Edmund Waller, Robert Herrick, George Wither, Sir John Suckling, and Sir Richard Lovelace.

John Dryden was born August 9, 1631. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His poem in honor of the restoration of Charles II won him the position of Poet Laureate. His best-known works are the poetic "Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*," "Alexander's Feast," "The Hind and the Panther," and the drama "The Indian Emperor." He died in 1700.

The reign of Queen Anne was rendered brilliant by the writings of Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison, Edward Young, James Thompson, William Collins, Sir Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, and Daniel Defoe. Not only were the poems of this period beautiful, but prose also reached a high development.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, England, May 1, 1672. He completed his education at Queen's and Magdalen colleges, Oxford. He entered the diplomatic service and rose steadily, becoming one of the two principal secretaries of state two years before his death. He attained a higher political position than any other writer has ever achieved through his literary ability. With Steele he published *The Tatler*, and later *The Spectator*, at first a daily paper and afterward a tri-weekly one. He was a master of English prose, and his poems are elevated and serious in style. He died in 1719.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. He studied for the ministry. He wrote nearly five hundred hymns besides his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." Many of his hymns are still favorites. He died in 1748.



**Alexander Pope** was born in London, May 21, 1688. Sickly and deformed, he was unable to attend school, but he was nevertheless a great student. His writings are witty and satirical. His best known poems are "Essay on Man," "Translation of the Iliad," "Essay on Criticism," and "The Rape of the Lock." He died in 1744.

**Thomas Gray** was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton, and Peter-House College, Cambridge. He lived all his life at Cambridge, ultimately being appointed professor of Modern History. His most famous poem is the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771.

**William Cowper** was born at Great Berkhamstead, England, November 26, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, and studied law at the Middle Temple, being called to the bar in 1754. He was very delicate and afflicted with nervousness that amounted to insanity at times. Not until 1780 did he seriously begin his literary career. Then for a period of a little more than ten years he worked with success and was happy. His most famous poems are "John Gilpin," "The Task," "Hope," and "Lines on my Mother's Portrait." In the latter part of his life his nervous melancholy again affected him. He died in 1800.

**Robert Burns** was born at Ayr in Scotland, January 25, 1759. He was the son of a poor farmer, and he himself followed the plow in his earlier days. He was about to seek his fortune in America when his first volume of poems was published and won him fame at once. His style is simple and sincere, with a fire of intensity. His best poems are "Tam o'Shanter" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He died July 21, 1796.

**William Wordsworth** was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, England, on April 7, 1770. He completed his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his degree of B.A. in 1791. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1843, succeeding Robert Southey. He is the poet of nature and of simple life. Among his best-known poems are "The Ode to Immortality," "The Excursion," and "Yarrow Revisited." He died April 23, 1850.

**Sir Walter Scott** was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was educated at Edinburgh University and afterward studied law in his father's office. His energy and tireless work were marvelous. He followed the practice of his profession until he was appointed Clerk of Session. His official duties were scrupulously performed, yet his literary work surpasses in volume and ability that of any of his contemporaries. Novelist, historian, poet, he excelled in whatever style of literature he attempted. His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He died in 1832.

**Robert Southey** was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. He was expelled from Westminster School for writing an article against school flogging. Later he studied at Balliol College, Oxford. He was an incessant worker, laboring at all branches of literature, from his famous nursery story, "The Three Bears," to "The Life of Nelson." He was appointed Laureate in 1813. His most successful long poems are "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama." He died in 1843.

**Thomas Campbell** was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. He was educated at the university of his native town, and he was regarded as its most brilliant scholar; in his later life he was elected Lord Rector of the university. His best-known poems are "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "Ye Mariners of England." He died in 1844.

**Thomas Moore** was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779. He was educated at Trinity College, and afterward studied law at the Middle Temple, London. "Lalla Rookh" and his "Irish Melodies" have won for him a lasting fame as a poet. He died February 26, 1852.

**James Henry Leigh Hunt** was born near London in 1784. He left school when only fifteen to become a clerk in the War Office, where he remained until 1808, when he and his brother published *The Examiner*. From that time he was occupied as an editor and writer, being connected with different periodicals. He was the intimate friend of Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats. One of his

best poems, "Rimini," was written in prison, where he was condemned to remain for two years because he had published a satirical article about the prince regent. In his later years a pension of two hundred pounds was granted him. He died August 28, 1859.

**George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron**, was born in London, January 22, 1788. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not remain to take his degree. While at the university he published a volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," which he followed shortly by the satirical poem "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which won him immediate recognition. He wrote many dramatic poems, but his most beautiful work is "Childe Harold." He was the friend of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and together they published *The Liberal*. In 1823 he joined the Greeks in their struggle for freedom, and the exposure and exertion that he suffered in this war brought on the fever of which he died in April, 1824.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley** was born at Field Place, England, August 4, 1792. He was entered at University College, Oxford, but was shortly expelled as an atheist. His life was a sad one, his first marriage was unhappy, and he was drowned when only thirty years old, in July, 1822. His longest and best works are "The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Revolt of Islam," and "Adonais," an elegy on the death of his friend, the poet Keats, near whom he was buried.

**John Keats** was born in London, England, in 1795 or 1796. His poem "Endymion" was criticised severely in the *Quarterly Review*. Keats was so sensitive that this criticism is supposed to have aggravated his malady, and thus to be responsible for his early death. Among his other poems may be noted "Hyperion," "Lamia," and "The Eve of St. Agnes." He died at Rome in 1821.

**Thomas Hood** was born in London, England, May 23, 1790. His humorous verses first attracted attention, but his serious poems have given him a lasting place in literature. Among these are "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," and "Ode to Melancholy." He died in 1845.

**Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay**, was born in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied law. He disliked his profession, greatly preferring literature. In 1830 he entered Parliament and was made Secretary of War in 1839. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University and was raised to the peerage in 1857. He died in 1859. His best-known poems are "Ivry" and "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

**The reign of Queen Victoria** from a literary standpoint is second only to that of Elizabeth in brilliancy. The Victorian Age is usually applied to the whole century, during the better part of which Victoria reigned. The literature of this age is rich with the writings of Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his sister Christina, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Arthur Hugh Clough, Adelaide Procter, and a host of minor poets.

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson**, was born at Somersby, August 6, 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first book of poems, written with his brother Charles, was published two years before he entered college; from that time until his death his literary work was continuous. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and thirty-four years later was raised to the peerage. His poems cover a wide range—lyrics, ballads, idylls, and dramas. His most important works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," and "The Idylls of the King." He died in 1892.

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning** was born at Durham, England, March 6, 1809. She was highly educated and was proficient in both Greek and Latin. She wrote her first verses at the age of ten, and her first volume of poems was published when she was but seventeen years old. In 1846 she was married to the poet Robert Browning. Her first known works are "Aurora Leigh," a novel in verse, "The Portuguese Sonnets," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "The Cry of the Children," a poem written to show the wretchedness of the little children employed in the mines.

and factories of England. She died at Florence, Italy, in June, 1861.

**Robert Browning** was born in Camberwell, England, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and together they lived much of their time in Italy. They were deeply interested in the struggle of Italy for freedom, and both wrote on this subject. In his long life Browning wrote many volumes of poems, and it is difficult to choose among them. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is always a favorite with the young people, as are "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Herve Riel," and "Ratisbon." His most popular poems are "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and "Saul." He died in 1889.

**Marian Evans**, who wrote under the name of George Eliot, was born at Aubury Farm, near Nuneaton, England, November 22, 1819. She was carefully educated and was a most earnest student. While her poems are beautiful, her best work is in prose; and she ranks as one of England's greatest novelists. Her most famous novels are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Middlemarch." She married Mr. John Cross, in May, 1880, and died December 22 of the same year.

**Jean Ingelow** was born at Boston, England, in 1820. She is known both as a poet and novelist. Her best-known poems are "Songs of Seven" and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." She died in 1897.

**Matthew Arnold**, son of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was born at Laleham, England, December 24, 1822. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1857 he was elected professor of Poetry at Oxford. He is chiefly noted for his essays, though his poems are lofty in sentiment and polished in diction. "Sohrab and Rustum" is his most important poem. He died in 1888.

**Dinah Maria Mulock Craik** was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1826. She won her fame as a writer of novels, of which the best is "John Halifax, Gentleman." She died in 1887.

**William Morris** was born in Walthamstow, March 24, 1834. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Before he was thirty years old he founded an establishment for the manufacture of artistic materials for household decoration. His work in this direction has improved the beauty of all household fabrics, and has affected the taste in household art in both England and America. Nevertheless he is best known as a poet. His finest poems are "The Earthly Paradise," a series of Norse legends, "Three Northern Stones," translated from Icelandic poems, and his translations of "The Odyssey." He died in 1896.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne** was born in London, April 5, 1837. He was educated partly in France, at Eton, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He left the University without a degree to spend several years in travel. He is a master of English, using a wider vocabulary than any of his contemporaries, and the musical effects of his many varied meters have won for him a unique position in poetry. He has been called "the greatest metrical inventor in English literature." His works in French and Latin show him to be a poet in three languages. His best-known works are "Poems and Ballads," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Mary Stuart." He is the greatest living English poet.

**Dante Gabriel Rossetti** was born in London, May 12, 1828. He studied art in the antique school of the Royal Academy, and became known as an artist before he won fame as a poet. His most widely known poem is "The Blessed Damozel." He died in 1882.

**Christina Georgina Rossetti**, the sister of D. G. Rossetti, was born in London, December 5, 1830. She ranks as one of the greatest and most spiritual of English poetesses.

**Sir Edwin Arnold** was born in Sussex, June 10, 1832. He was educated at King's College, London, and at University College, Oxford. He was appointed principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poonah, India, and Fellow of the University of Bombay, and held these posts through the Sepoy Rebellion. Returning to London in 1861, he was one of the editors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and through his influence Henry M. Stanley undertook his first

expedition into Africa to find Livingstone. Nearly all of his poetry deals with Oriental legends, and much of his time was spent in India and Japan. His principal works are "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," "Indian Song of Songs," "Japonica," and "The Light of the World."

**Rudyard Kipling** was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. He was educated partly in England, but returned to India when he was only fifteen, and there began his literary work and first won fame. His writings are mainly in prose, and he is at his best when writing of India. His poems are all short, and "The Recessional" and "The Dove of Dacca" are especially fine. In prose the "Jungle Books," "The Naulakha," and "Kim" are the most popular.

**Among the minor poets** of the Victorian Age may be mentioned the following : —

**John Henry, Cardinal Newman**, 1801–1890. Author of many volumes of sermons and the hymn "Lead Kindly Light."

**Henry Francis Lyte**, 1793–1847. Author of many hymns, the most popular of which is "Abide with Me."

**Alfred Domett**, 1811–1887. Author of "Christmas Hymn."

**Arthur Hugh Clough**, 1819–1861. Author of "Bothie of Tóber-na-vuolich."

**Charles Mackay**, 1814–1889. Author of many songs, among them "There is a Good Time Coming" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

## AMERICAN AUTHORS

In the early days of this country the time and thought of the settlers were taken up in struggling with the difficulties of their surroundings, so that there was little opportunity for the establishment of an American literature. For art, poetry, and the beautiful in life, the colonists naturally turned to the mother country — to the home which they had so lately left. During the period before the French and Indian War the subject of religion and nice points of doctrine filled the minds of the Americans, hence we find that the first American writer who attained to a European reputation

was the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a distinguished divine and president of Princeton College. His books on "The Religious Affections" and "The Freedom of the Will" are still studied.

After the French and Indian War, politics became the absorbing topic of the day, and Benjamin Franklin was the first to achieve fame in this field of letters. His writings in "Poor Richard's Almanac," honest and wholesome in tone, exercised a marked influence upon the literature of his time. Among the orators who won distinction in the discussion of civil liberty are James Otis, John and Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry. The writings of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison in *The Federalist* secured the adoption of the Constitution and survive to this day as brilliant examples of political essays, while the state papers of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson are models of clearness and elegance of style.

With the peace and prosperity that followed the establishment of our republic came the opportunity to cultivate the broader fields of literature. Relieved of the strain of the struggle for civil and religious liberty, the people could satisfy their inclinations toward the beautiful in art and life, and from that time until the present day the writers of America have held their own in the front ranks of the authors of the English-speaking peoples.

**Joseph Rodman Drake**, the first American poet to win distinction, was born in New York City in 1795. He was educated in Columbia College. He died prematurely when only twenty-five years old. His best-known poems are "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." He was the intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the Connecticut poet, author of "Marco Bozzaris." The last four lines of Drake's "American Flag" were written by Fitz-Greene Halleck.

**William Cullen Bryant** was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He was educated at Williams College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. His first poem was published when he was thirteen. His best-known poem, "Thanatopsis," was written when he was only nineteen and delivered at his college



commencement. After practicing law for a short time, he became editor of *The Evening Post* and continued this work until his death. When he was seventy-two, he began his translation of Homer, which occupied him for six years. He died in 1878.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson** was born in Boston, May 20, 1803. He studied at Harvard College, and after a period of teaching, became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston for a short time. Later he settled in Concord, spending his time in writing and lecturing in this country and England. He was the founder of what has been called "The Concord School of Philosophy." His best-known poems are "The Concord Hymn," "Rhodora," "The Snow Storm," "Each and All," "The Days," and "The Humble Bee." He died in 1882.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow** was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College and, after a period of study abroad, was appointed professor of Foreign Languages there. This position he gave up to become professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard College. At Cambridge he was a friend of Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, and Alcott. His best-known long poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Building of the Ship," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He made a fine translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." Among his many short poems, "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Paul Revere's Ride" are continuously popular. He died in 1882. He was the first American writer who was honored by a memorial in Westminster Abbey.

**John Greenleaf Whittier** was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. He was educated in the public school, working at the same time on his father's farm or at making shoes. Having left the academy, he devoted himself to literature. He was an ardent abolitionist, and many of his poems are written to aid the cause of freedom in which he was so deeply interested. His best-known poems are "Snow-Bound," "Barbara Frietchie," "Maude Muller," and "Voices of Freedom." He died in 1892.

**Edgar Allan Poe** was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. The story of his life is as melancholy as was his genius. Wild, dissipated, reckless, he was dismissed from West Point. He alienated his best friends and lived the greatest part of his life in the deepest poverty, dying in 1849 from the effects of dissipation and exposure. His best poems are "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee."

**Oliver Wendell Holmes** was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. He was educated at Harvard College and studied medicine, spending two years in the hospitals of Europe. He was successively professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, a physician in regular practice in Boston, and professor of anatomy at Harvard College—this position he held from 1847 to 1882. He was nearly fifty before he became widely known as a writer, when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published. He was successful as essayist, novelist, poet, a kindly wit playing through much of his work. His best-known poems are "Old Ironsides," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The One-hoss Shay," "The Last Leaf," and "The Boys." He died in 1894.

**James Russell Lowell** was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. He was educated at Harvard College. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. He was also editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. He was appointed minister to Spain and later to England, where he was our ambassador for five years. His best-known poems are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Commemoration Ode," "The Biglow Papers," "The Present Crisis," and "The First Snowfall." He died in 1891.

**Walt Whitman** was born in West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. He was unable to go to college. He served in various occupations, teacher, printer, writer, until in the great Civil War he volunteered as a war nurse. His exertions and exposure in this work destroyed his health, so that most of his remaining years he was dependent upon his friends. His most beautiful poem is

"O Captain, My Captain," written after the assassination of Lincoln. He died in 1892.

**Cincinnatus Heine Miller**, who wrote under the name of **Joaquin Miller**, was born in Indiana in 1841. While yet a boy he went to Oregon and later to California, where he led a wild life among the miners, fighting the Indians, practicing law, and becoming a county judge. After several years in Europe and New York, he settled down as a fruit grower in California. He wrote "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun-Lands," and "The Ship in the Desert."

**Among the minor American poets the following are worthy of note:—**

**Francis Scott Key**, 1779–1843. "The Star-Spangled Banner."

**Emma Hart Willard**, 1787–1870. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

**John Howard Payne**, 1792–1852. "Home Sweet Home."

**Josiah Gilbert Holland**, 1819–1881. "Bittersweet."

**Julia Ward Howe**, 1819– . "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

**Alice Cary**, 1820–1871. **Phœbe Cary**, 1824–1871. Joint authors of several volumes of poems. "Order for a Picture," A. C. "Nearer Home," P. C.

**Thomas Buchanan Read**, 1822–1872. "Drifting," "Sheridan's Ride."

**John Burroughs**, naturalist, 1837– . "Waiting."

**Edward Rowland Sill**, 1841–1887. "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity."

**Sidney Lanier**, 1842–1881. "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," "A Song of the Future."

**John Vance Cheney**, 1848– . "Thistle Drift," "Wood Blooms," "Evening Songs."

**James Whitcomb Riley**, 1853– . "Rhymes of Childhood."

**Eugene Field**, 1850–1895. "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love Songs of Childhood."









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